Mr. *TOLAND*'s CLITO DISSECTED.

AND

FULLER's Plain Proof

OF THE

True Mother

OF THE

Pretended PRINCE of *WALES*.

Made out to be no *PROOF*.

In two Letters from a Gentleman in the Country to his Friend in *London*.

——*Par nobile Fratrum.*

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THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

THE *two Pamphlets which fall under the Cenſure of my Friend, who has oblig'd me with the following* Remarks, *having made no little noiſe, and met with a kinder Reception than either of 'em deſerv'd, I was perſuaded to ſend theſe two* Letters *abroad, in order to take off from the Prejudice they might have giv'n ſeveral*

againſt Truth. Both of 'em are for impoſing upon our Belief, tho' they endeavour to carry on the Cheat by different ways; and as the firſt makes it his Endeavour to perſuade us to accept of new Schemes in Matters of Religion, ſo the laſt ſpends his Time in forging new Diſcoveries in Affairs of States. Mr. Toland *perhaps may take it amiſs that he is coupl'd with* Fuller; *and that a Man of his Philoſophy and Poetry, ſhould be* joyn'd *with a Perſon of ſuch unheard of Stupidity: but my Friend muſt account for that, he having ſent 'em to me as the Reader*

der ſees 'em. Leſt therefore he ſhould be miſunderſtood, as to his Principles of Government, tho' he has taken the right ſide in defending it againſt one that would pull it down, by deſtroying its Foundation, the beſt of Religions, I think my ſelf oblig'd to acquaint the World, he's as great a Foe to Popery as any ſanctified Member whatſoever, of Hall or Parlour; and is ſo far from being againſt his Country's Intereſt in its preſent Eſtabliſhment, that he thinks himſelf much more happy in his Obedience to His Sacred Majeſty K. William, *than if*

St. Ger-

S. Germains *were transplanted to* Kensington, *and the little Gentleman in* France *were to kill his* Stags *on our Continent, as they'd make us believe He slaughters his* Boars *on their's. And tho' he may be thought to aim at that which is no Compliment to his present Superiors, whom God has set over him, I'll pawn my Life for him, he'd be as active in defence of his King and Country, as the best Man of 'em all that exclaims against Jesuits, and raises Arguments against the Infallibility of the Triple-Crown, should there be occasion for it. The Religion he*

has

has been bred up in, is the Church of England *in its pureſt Doctrines, and if he has not hitherto acted altogether as becomes his Holy Profeſſion, he takes this Reſolution for the future of oppoſing thoſe who ſhall endeavour to ſet up new Religions, and thoſe who have the Impudence to give their Votes for none. The Expreſſions he makes uſe of may look ſomewhat harſh, but he thinks it an uſage good enough for an* Atheiſt, *and an Entertainment not improper to treat a* Lyar *with.*

Mr

Mr. *TOLAND*'s CLITO Examin'd,

IN A

LETTER To a FRIEND.

SIR,

THE Poem you ſent me, reach'd *Aſtrop* on *Thurſday* laſt, and having a ſight of Mr. *Toland*'s Name in the Preface, I immediately fell to work, to ſee what an Author, who had made ſuch a Buſtle in the World had oblig'd us with. The Publiſher, who without doubt is Mr. *Toland* himſelf, for I can't ſuppoſe ſo ill a Man can have any Friend, begin's with the ſame Introduction as other Pretenders to the Preſs, that it had been *handed about in Manuſcript*, that ſeveral Copies had crept abroad, and *underwent different Characters and Judgments*; and therefore to give People a due light into the *Principles* which ſome Men count-

ed *pernicious*, he had ſent it abroad in order to recover 'em from the Prejudice ſuch and ſuch Miſrepreſentations might have given 'em. I conclude with him indeed, that *Poetry is not his Buſineſs*; and I am ſure *His* at preſent can be no Body's *Diverſion* but his *own*; tho' I could wiſh he would rather divert himſelf that way, than publiſh *OCEANAS*, and write Panegyricks on *Milton*; and give us the *Lives* and *Characters* of the worſt of Men, in order to debauch us into the *Imitation* of 'em. But I can't but wonder at his way of conveying the Knowledge of his Humility to us; *He never was heard to value himſelf for any thing in Verſe beyond a Song*, which in my Opinion, is, he had no mean Sentiments of his Lyrick Poetry. Without doubt his Miſtreſs *Victorina*, who has had many a lamentable Ditty from him, can tell us whether he reaches up to the Perfections of the incomparable *Motteux*, or bears any Reſemblance to the Character of the Prince of Sonnet-Makers, Mr. *Durfey*. As for the Name of the Poem, how he comes to call it *CLITO*, or, *the Force of Eloquence*, when he *Himſelf*, not his pretended *Friend*, act's the *Orator*, I know not, and it looks ſomething like a Miſtake. Had he given it the Heatheniſh Name of *TOLAND*, or *ADEI-*

ADEISIDEMON, I am apt to think this abominable Iſſue of his Brain would have had a more ſignificant Apellation. And tho' *CLITO* be too good a Name for a Perſon who has any Intimacy with a Man of his Character, Yet I muſt joyn with him in approving his Choice of *ADEISIDEMON* for himſelf, which is in down-right *Engliſh* (not Unſuperſtitious, as he terms it) but *one that fears neither God nor Devil.*

Having got rid of the Preface, it is but neceſſary we fall into the *Poem*; and the firſt thing worth Obſervation here, is the Character of his Familiar, and his Requeſt,

Clito *the Wiſe, the Generous and Good,*
Better than whom none ever underſtood
Or Things or Words, would yet diſtinctly know,
How far the force of Eloquence could go
To teach Mankind thoſe Truths which they Miſtake,
And who the noble Task durſt undertake.

We have ſome Reaſon to queſtion the truth of this Gentleman's Character from the Company he keeps, but grant him what we believe he is not, it adds to our Author's miſtakes, to make him underſtand ſo well, and yet deſire to be inform'd. In my Opinion, *Adeiſidemon* ought to have made the Queſtion, and

Clito to have resolv'd it; but 'tis not the first time Mr. *Toland* has undertaken to teach his Superiours, and instruct those who had more Knowledge than himself. But to begin with our Man of Eloquence.

As furious Winds sweep down what e're resists,
So shall my Tongue perform what e're it lists,
With large impetuous Floods of Eloquence
Tickle the Fancy and bewitch the Sence,
Make what it will the justest Cause appear.
And what's perplext or dark, look bright and clear.

Let me tell you, Sir, this promise of his is enough to raise our Expectations, and make us hope to have the whole Mysteries of Nature unfolded. But Mr. *Toland* has a natural Aversion for Mysteries, and is so far from endeavouring to set perplex'd or dark things in the light, that the thought of our Saviour Incarnation is enough to make him Blaspheme against the Being that caus'd it, and the mention of the Resurrection, to make him give the Lye to that Omnipotence that has ordain'd it. And tho' he may be carry'd away in the Opinion of himself, that he can make which side he favours most, have the Advantage, yet if he's no better Orator than his Poetry shews him to be, he'll shoot wide of the Mark.

The

The fate of Beings and the Hopes of Men
Shall be, what pleaſes my creating Pen.

A Rant indeed, he might well call himſelf *Almanzor* in the *Preface*, when he pretends to the Attribute of the Almighty in the *Poem*, and may properly give his the name of a *Creating Pen*, ſince it gives Being to ſuch unheard of Impieties.

Then why ſhould Men to die have ſo great fear?
Though noughts Immortal, all Eternal are.

Now the Fiend begins to ſhew his Cloven Foot, and puts off his Diſguiſe, and diſuades Men from the Fears of Death by ſaying nothing in 'em is *Immortal*, and yet every part which compoſes their Humane ſtructure *Eternal*. *Homo frontis audaciſſimæ!* At this time of day to preach up the Doctrine of *Mundus eſt Æternus*, when the Author of All Æternity has ſaid, it ſhould not, and to dare to affirm the Soul to be mortal, when the Apprehenſions of its being not capable of dying is the only diſſuaſive from doing ill, and making us give a looſe to our Luſts, like the Beaſts which periſh.

Nature to me appears in no diſguiſe;
Nor can one Attom ſcape my prying Eyes.

If this, or the Mighty feats that went before, is the Buſineſs of an Orator, I know nothing of the Matter: a *Cicero* may indeed harangue upon the inveſtigators of ſuch hidden Truth's, but an *Ariſtotle* or a *Carteſius* muſt find 'em.

O Glorious Liberty! For Thee I'll prove,
The firmeſt Patron that e're Tongue did move.

Liberty is the Cloak He makes uſe of, to enſlave us, and bring us under the Dominion of *Five Hundred* Kings, when the Conſtitution of our Happineſs conſiſts in being govern'd by *One*. But He may move His Tongue long enough before his *Proſaick Poetry* can lead us into the miſtake of making Chains for our ſelves, and ſeeking imaginary good before that which is real.

Their Warlike Troops I ſhall with Eaſe Disband,
And conquer thoſe who all beſides Command;
I've known a Senate with ſome Magick Words,
To Forks and Spades transform their bloody Swords.

Certainly He fancy's himſelf to be Mr. *Tr——d*, and that He wrote the Argument againſt the Standing Army; but the

the World is wiſer than to think any ſuch thing, as knowing He was picking holes in the Skins of the *Fathers*, when the Parliament were ſaving *Theirs* by Disbanding the Standing Troops. However, he lik'd the Fact, He might have omitted the Commendation of it for the ſake of a certain Gentleman, whoſe Character He runs into ſome time after.

Reſtore the Nation to its perfect Health,
Then Pow'r uſurpt, deſtroy, & form a Commonwealth.

The Nation is healthy enough without his Purges, and he may have occaſion perhaps for Cathartick's himſelf, after he has dabled a little longer with Madam *Victorina*.

As for the uſurp'd Power he talks of, I don't believe King *William* (tho' he has the ill Manners to liken him to *Brutus*) will give him leave to deſtroy it, or permit him to form what 'tis every Monarch's intereſt to joyn againſt.

Her Brutus Rome *had not ſo long ador'd,*
If he had made himſelf Her Sov'raign Lord.

Either King *William* is not our Soveraign Lord, or the Compariſon between him and *Brutus* is not adaquate. The City of *Rome* had from the Foundation of its Em-

Empire, till *Julius Cæsar*'s Time been a Free State, and had imbib'd an Hatred from its very Original againſt Kings, I cannot therefore but agree with our Author, that if *Brutus* had cloath'd himſelf with the Soveraign Power, the *Romans* would not have had ſuch a Love for his Memory, but how the Application comes to be made to us, I'm very far from knowing the reaſon, ſince 'tis very plain the Conſtitution of our Kingdom requires a Soveraign, and His preſent Majeſty has actually accepted and inveſted Himſelf with that Dignity.

And ſure at Home, if thou wer't ſo ſevere,
Thoud'ſt never labour for a Foreign Heir.

The drift of this laſt Line, is to call in queſtion the Juſtice of our preſent Settlement by Act of Parliament, and by Buzzing about, that the next Heir to the Crown after Her Royal Highneſs, is a Foreigner and of the Houſe of *Lunenburgh*, to make way for a Commonwealth. And this he has the Impudence to ſay in the next Line but one, he expects from *William*'s Love., but it's thought His Majeſty loves his neareſt Relations a great deal better than Mr. *Toland*.

High-Heav'n alone ſhall o're thy Buildings ſway,
And that alone be fairer thought than they.

Here

Here our *Poet* takes the Gift of Prophecy upon him, but does it in ſuch terms, that the *Wind and Weather Man*, Dr. *Guſtavus Parker* would be aſham'd of. Every body knew Heaven was *high* before he gave us to underſtand it; but what *ſwaying over thy Buildings* is, I know no more than the Man in the Moon. In ſhort, he might have forborn talking of the Height of our Buildings, when the Royal Palace of *White-Hall* lies levell'd with the Ground.

——— All Holy Cheats
Of all Religions ſhall partake my Threats.
Whither with Sable Gowns they ſhow their Pride,
Or under Cloaks their Knavery they hide.

That may be, and not be a jot the worſe for 'em. People, I thank God, begin to know *Toland* pretty well, and he may threaten till his Heart ach's before any one will take notice of it. However, he has ſhew'd us what a Champion of the Truth he is, when he falls a reviling the Meſſengers of the onely True God, and is for burning His Temples, as the Villain did that of *Diana* at *Epheſus*, only to be talk'd of. I knew indeed, Mr. *Toland* had an Averſion to Epiſcopacy, and the Eſtabliſh'd Church of *England*, but never heard before he was fall'n out with

Hypocriſy, or had ſhaken hands with his fromer Regards for the formal Gentlemen with ſhort Cloaks, who not long ſince had him in their Service.

RELIGION's ſafe with Prieſt-craft *is the War.*
All Friends to Prieſt-craft, Foes to Mankind are.

By *Prieſt craft* is meant ſerving God in his Ordinances, and by *Religion*, an irregular Scheme without any Matters of Faith in it beyond what his Reaſon can explain to him; ſo that the *laſt* might well be ſafe, when none but ſuch as he, would meddle with it; and he might well have a *War* with the *firſt*, when it taught ſuch a Purity of Belief, as ran counter to the Impurity of his, which is, that the Friends to God, are the Foes to his Creatures.

When I've perform'd theſe feats, new Danger calls
From Earth I'll ſoar, and ſcale High *Heavens Walls,*
To pull falſe Gods from thence, that Men may ſee
There's but One true, all perfect DEITY.

Now our Spark's for *ſoaring*, when, tho' he is not ſo ſwag-belly'd as Father *Dominick*, yet, his Guts, like his, were never made for *Mounting*. But there's no danger of his reaching Heav'n while he continues obſtinate in ſuch Principles as bear

bear no Communication with it. However, he's for renewing the Giants War, and like another *Tiphoeus*, is for ſcaling Heav'ns Walls, which he's in the right of it again, for calling *High*. I could wiſh Mr. *Toland* did not furniſh us with the following Explication of theſe four Lines, (*viz.*) That when he had debauch'd his Votaries from their Faith and Allegiance, he would queſtion the Being of our Soveraign Lord, God Almighty, in his Trinity and Unity, and dethrone the Second and Third Perſons in it. If this be not his Opinion, and the Senſe of his words, I aſk his pardon, but I am ſure 'tis that of the *Deiſts*, which abominable Sect he's not altogether a Stranger to,

With Forms, and Poſtures He is never pleas'd,
Nor is his Wrath with Bribes to be appeas'd.

Good again! He himſelf has taught us a Form to pray by, and yet is offended at our making uſe of it. If God is a ry with us, it matters not if we ſue for Pardon, and deprecate the Vengeance we are threatned with: He's too juſt a Judge to take Bribes, that is, accept the Sorrows of a true Penitent, as he has promis'd us in his holy Word, and it's impoſſible for Him after He is once pro-

vok'd to be appeas'd. This is robbing God of His Chiefeſt Attribute His Mercy, and flinging every one into a State of Damnation; For without doubt, there is no Man living but has offended his Maker ſome time or other. This is a Scheme of believing with a witneſs, and credat *Judeus Appelles*, for neither I nor any rational Being can.

To thoſe dark ſhades I'll introduce the Day,
And the Vain *Terrors of Hell's Court diſplay,*

Having ſtorm'd the Gates of Heav'n, the next thing he does is to make a viſit to the Devil, and diſpoſſeſs him likewiſe of his Authority. He's a Fiend indeed fit enough to ſupply his place, but I doubt, not prevailing enough to rob him of his Poſt. And tho' I cannot prove any ſuch Local place in Being, as this of *Fire* and *Brimſtone* is, yet ſince God has ſpoken of it by the Mouth of His Prophets; and our Saviour Himſelf has made uſe of the Terrors of it, in order to our Salvation, I give an implicit Belief to the Sacred Writ, which he queſtions the Truth of, and which may bring him to thoſe Puniſhments he may wiſh too late, he had not ſpoken ſo ſlightly of.

Legions

Legions of Fiends to Atoms I'll reduce,
And leave bad Men no Tempter for Excuſe.

This is a Confirmation in expreſs terms of what went before; and as he deny'd the *Puniſhment* there, here he actually declares there are no ſuch Beings as the *Puniſhers*, and takes the part of a Sceptical Divine, who ſaid that *Eve* had no ſuch thing as a Tempter, but that the Depravity of her own Nature (tho' God had made her without Sin) caus'd her to rob the Tree of Life, and original Sin was born with the World, not the after growth of One who was the moſt Beautiful part of it.

And Fools will mend when Abler Men exhort:
Or by ſtrict Laws are kept from doing Hurt.

I wiſh this were applicable to himſelf, and he would hearken to the Advice of the Scripture he deſpiſes, or elſe our Parliament would handle him as they did in a place which gives Birth to no Venemous Inſects, but yet was the place of this poiſonous Creature's Nativity, that the ſtrictneſs of their Laws may tie up his Hands from doing hurt, and diſperſing ſuch Doctrines as are contrary to ſound Truth, and take all manner of occaſion

to

to dilate their Infection amongſt ſuch as are remiſs in providing againſt 'em.

So ſhall my Words like Thunder-bolts be hurl'd,
And will confound, or mend the erring World.

As he before rob'd God of His Mercy, ſo now he has made bold with another of His Attributes, which is His Juſtice; and having got the Thunder-bolt in his Hand, he's for breathing new Souls into his Fellow Creatures, or if they have a mind to keep their old ones, he's for diſpatching them, and making way for his *Creating* Pen (as he calls it) to form others. But whatever he may think, I'm of opinion, *mending* is none of his Province, tho' *confounding* may; and if he had the Gift of Reformation, he has ſo many Faults of his own to employ himſelf at *home*, that he need not go out in ſearch of Buſineſs *abroad*.

But when from Cares and Publick Buſineſs free,
Bright VICTORINA, my lov'd Theme ſhall be,
The ſofteſt words the ſweeteſt things will tell,
And all I write or ſpeak be fine *and* well.

That is as much as to ſay, when he drops the purſuit of doing ill, which is his Buſineſs, to mend the Matter, he betakes himſelf to his Miſtreſs; and tho' he

he us'd rough Expreſſions, as Thunder-bolts, *&c.* to frighten the Men into Vice, *Victorina* is ſuch a perverſe, cunning Baggage, that ſhe'll not be driven; but he muſt ſpeak *fine* and *well*, if he would bring her upon the Couch of Iniquity. A ſign he has a better Opinion of the Fair Sex than his own; and that he does not pretend he has ſpoken well of his new Syſtem of Religion, when all his *fine* Words are kept in Reſerve, to make a Convert of his *Bona Roba* with.

But her dear Image calms my raging Breaſt,
All ſhould be ſtill to lodge ſo fair a Gueſt.

Let me tell you, we are more beholding to his Love than we are to his Eloquence, the laſt was gotten into ſuch a fit of raving and bluſtring in Heroicks, that we ſhould all have been flung upon our Backs by the force of it, had not the firſt interpos'd, and huſh'd the Storm: Well, I hope next time he falls a thundring, his Miſtreſs will come in his Head, to prevent the Effects of it, and lay that Evil Spirit of his which hurry's him away to his own deſtruction; for I'm perſuaded it's much better to be a *Whore-Maſter* than a *Deiſt*.

Thus

Thus far I ſpoke; and CLITO *all approv'd,*
Except what laſt was ſaid of Her I lov'd.

Had I been in *CLITO's* place, I ſhould have had another Opinion, and approv'd of what he ſaid of his Miſtreſs, much better than what he ſpoke of his God. When he ſpeaks of the firſt, he's all over Obedience and Reverence, but when he makes mention of the laſt, he ſeems poſſeſt with the Spirit of Rebellion, and looks as if he roſe in defiance againſt Him that created him. As for his Lady, I know her not, and ſhe may be Virtuous, as he gives us his Word, ſhe is; But for himſelf, he may be aſſur'd it's none of his Fault, if ſhe be not downright Vitious.

Thus I have ſent you my Thoughts of the Preſent you made me; and ſhould at the ſame time, give you my Sentiments of *Fuller's* Narrative, had not I already ſwell'd 'em beyond the Bulk of a ſingle Letter. You may expect my Obſervations next Poſt on the *Trifler* in *Proſe*, as you now have thoſe diſpatch'd to you on the *Pains-taker* in *Verſe*. In the mean time, take theſe Obſervations on the Poetical Man of Eloquence with the reſt. He's a *Poet* without *Verſification;*

cation, an *Orator* without *Elocution*, a *Diſputant* without *Reaſon*, a *Subject* without *Obedience*, a *Boaſter* without *Performance*; and the Body of his Poem has as little an agreement with the Title of it, as his way of living bears proportion to the Name he bears of a Chriſtian; and he may write himſelf a *Deiſt*, as long as he pleaſes, I am ſatisfied his manner of writing ſhews him little better than an *Atheiſt*.

Aſtrop. Octob. 12. 1700.

Yours, &c.
S. F.

REMARKS

UPON

Fuller's *Plain Proof*, &c.

TO keep my word with you, I have gone through the fatigue of reading the dulleſt Book in Nature, with the leaſt appearance of Truth in it that ever ſaw the Light. Our Author gives it the Title of *Plain Proof*, but I durſt to be ſworn his Readers will give it another Name, and will agree with me, that he has ſo little *made out* the Matter in diſpute, that he has more *perplext* the Cauſe than ever. Without doubt this *Fuller* might have done ſome Service for the preſent Government, but I have no reaſon to conclude that the Duke of *Shrewsbury* gave him the Certificate he impudently puts at the back of his Title, for his bringing the Birth of the Prince of *Wales* to light; and tho' I ſhould be as glad to have him prov'd an Impoſtor as any *Engliſhman* living, yet you muſt excuſe me, if I ſuſpend my Belief of an Aſſertion which is Mid-

wif'd

wif'd into the World by a Perſon of his Character. I have read his Life too lately to be in love with his manner of Living; and ſince *Truth's* are often queſtioned from Men who have known Talents at Lying, you muſt not think me an Infidel if I don't give Credit to a *Lye*, that comes from a known *Lyar*. There's no diſpute but the Lord Mayor and Aldermen are highly oblig'd to him; but if they have giv'n him a Penny, which I ſuppoſe he wrote his Dedication for, they have return'd the Obligation more than threefold on his Head, and kept his *ſtrong Mountain which bids defiance to all its oppoſers*, ſometime longer than it would otherwiſe from dwindling into a *Mole-Hill*. Sir *Richard Levet* and his Right Worſhipful Brethren have more ſenſe, than to beleive what the Houſe of Lords, and the Honourable the Commons, would not give Credit to; and tho' they are ſuch good Proteſtants as to be ſticklers in good Earneſt againſt Popery, yet the cauſe of Religion is of it ſelf ſo good an Argument for keeping this young Gentleman ſtill at St. *Germains*, that they have no need of having recourſe to a *Fuller* to keep 'em ſteady and unſhaken in their preſent Loyalty, or have any occaſion of laying hold on *Illegitimacy* to ſupport

their Pretenſions when the preſervations of their Laws, Liberties, and all that's dear to 'em, are ſufficient Pleas in favour of their Conduct. As for my own part, tho' I'm a better Subject than this Affidavit Man, yet I can never believe his Depoſitions till they are back'd by thoſe of as many noble Perſons, as thoſe about the Truth of the Prince's Birth were; and if I forbear giving Credit to him, 'tis not ſo much for the P—— ſake, as for his own, who is ſo great a ſtranger to any thing that looks like Truth.

In his Preface he begins with the Reports that our *Engliſh* Travellers make of this Unfortunate young Gentleman's Atchievements, and the hopes the Roman Catholicks have beyond Sea of eſtabliſhing him and their Religion yet in theſe Kingdoms. As for the firſt, ſome young Gentlemen are more ſprightly than others, and I ſhould be glad if he were of as common Birth, as *Fuller* reports him to be of, ſo he was *Engliſh* Born, to hear of any Fellow Subject's Improvement; and for the laſt, I've a better Opinion of the Roman Catholicks Prudence, than that they ſhould tell a known Enemy and Spy, they deſign'd to Sing High Maſs ſhortly in St. *Paul's* Cathedral, but am apt to fancy Mr. *Fuller* has been in ſome Goal

or

or other, rather than a holding Diſputes at *Antwerp*, or a travelling in the Countries at Home, Cheating His Majeſty's Subjects, than converſing with Father *Sabran*, or *Hunter* beyond the Seas. Nothing more ſeem's material in the Preface than the Reaſon he gives for not publiſhing this dull Pamphlet ſooner, and that is, becauſe he expected a Hearing before the Lords, which they Honourably refus'd him, and rather ſerv'd for an Argument to forward the Suppreſſion of ſuch Scandalous Papers, than their Publication.

Having found my way through the *Porch*, 'tis but neceſſary I ſhould take ſome ſmall Entertainment in the *Houſe*, and here the firſt Courſe is a Narrative to pick at, which has all the Poſitive Aſſurance of Matters of Fact, while the ſecond is an Epiſtolary Deſert, with the reſemblance of ſomething that looks as much like nothing as can be. He tells you he was *deliver'd* of a ſmall Narrative about the Prince's *Birth* four Years ago; that a Man of Quality gave himſelf the Trouble of Anſwering it, and examining the Features of this Brat of his Brain; and that the Noble Perſon who has made a Fool of him, was a Gentleman ſo well known among the Citizens of *London*, that he

can't

can't take up Goods without Ready Money. When he might have ſaid, he himſelf was ſo well known, that no one could call in queſtion the Truth of what that Worthy Perſon alledg'd againſt him. But I cannot but ſay this in his behalf, that the ſmall Number of his *Affidavits* ſhew he has more Modeſty in making Oath than his Predeceſſor *T. O. D. D.* of Famous Memory, who ſtretch'd his *Pagan* Lungs much beyond Number 6; and the Simplicity and Incredibility of 'em are ſuch, that it's full as hard to believe the One, as 'twas formerly to take off People from giving Credit to the Other. To go on with his Depoſitions. 1. He's ready to Swear with all his Heart and Soul, when any Body will take his Oath, That the Counteſs of *Tyrconnel*, brought over two Big-Belly'd Women, in *May* 1688. with her, in the *Monmouth* Yatch, Capt. *Wright* Commander. 2. He avers upon his Soul, that one of theſe two Big-belly'd Women, fell to pieces at an Inn in St. *Albans*. 3. He avers again, as he hopes to be ſav'd, the other Lady, who was not ſo near her Time, and could carry her Burthen farther, got ſafe to *London*, and was lodg'd in St. *James*'s Palace in two Rooms joyning to the Marchioneſs of *Powis*'s; and upon his unque-

queſtion-

ſtionable Veracity, her Name was Mrs. *Mary Grey*. 4. That the ſaid Mrs. *Mary Grey*, fell into Labour on *Saturday* the 9th of *June* in the ſame Year, 1688; That Mrs. *Wilks* was brought to her, and that the Queen came inſtantly to St. *James*'s, and pretended of a ſudden to be in the ſame Condition; and Mrs. *Grey* being deliver'd, the Child was carried in a Warming-Pan by Mrs. *Labbady* (which he actually ſaw, by all that's good) through the narrow Gallery into the Back Room, next to that where the Queen lay. 5. To keep his Hand in at *Averring*, he avers that this ſame Mrs. *Grey*, and no Body elſe in her Skin, was ſent away three Weeks after her Delivery, and that too by Command to *Dover*, in a Coach and ſix Horſes, accompany'd by Father *Lewis Sabran*, the Marchioneſs of *Powis*'s Woman, and the ſaid Juror's own dear ſelf; and that one Father *Grey*, a Secular Prieſt of *Calice*, met her there, and took her with him in the Pacquet Boat to *Calice*, and from thence to the Benedictine Nunnery at *Paris*. 6. To conclude and pin the Basket, he makes uſe of his own Word, and *avers* again, that the Lady was true Fleſh and Blood, and did not care to end her Days in a Nunnery; wherefore ſhe made a Breach in the Wall,

and

and made her Escape from her Confinement, but in three days, after great Search, she was found, and sent back to the Cloister, to mumble over her Beads again.

These are the Six plain Proofs our *Doctor Dubitantium* has giv'n us of the young Prince's Illegitimacy; which, tho' they are not worthy of Reply, are thus expos'd as trivial, and as so many propositions without consequences. (1.) Suppose two Gentlewomen with Child did actually come over with my Lady *Tyrconnel*, does that Argue that the Countess brought 'em over for the use of the Queen? Certainly Her Majesty had no occasion to send to *Ireland* for *Breeders*, when so many young People were playing the Fool under Her Nose, and understood the Act of *Generation* as well as any Teague-lander whatsoever. (2.) 'Tis highly improbable if such a Design was in hand, and nothing would content our then Sovereign Lady but an *Irish* Bantling, that the Countess should pick out Women so near their Time, as that one of 'em should cry out at St. *Albans* in her way to *London*, and the other lie down in less than a Month after at St. *James's*. 3. Take it for granted, that she was brought to and lodg'd in St. *James's* Palace,

over

over my Lady *Stricland*'s Lodgings, *&c.* Her Lodgings were at too great a diſtance from her Majeſty's, and very diſagreeable to the intended Deſign. For the Child was brought hot from the Body, which could never be, had it been born ſuch a diſtance from the Queen's Appartment. Their Majeſties Phyſicians made Oath in *Chancery*, That the After-birth was reeking, and how that could be after its being brought through two Chambers, the Narrow Gallery, and Her Majeſty's Anti-Chamber; thoſe who underſtand the Nature of it, and how ſoon it cools, cannot imagine. 4. The Devil muſt needs owe Mrs. *Labbady* a Shame, if after Matters were ſo *cloſely* concerted, as he would make us believe, ſhe could be ſo impudent as to carry the Child in the Warming-Pan *openly* before a young Fellow, who at thoſe Years was ſo far from *keeping* a Secret, as he is now from being *truſted* with one. 5. Let him *aver* his Heart out, that ſhe went in a Coach and Six Horſes to *Dover*, he ſhall never bring me to conclude from thence, that the P— of *Wales* his *Mother* was ſent into a Nunnery. I'll be plain with him, it ſeems very improper to me, that a fair Lady, who had taken her Leave of Man's Fleſh, and was retiring into a Convent,

ſhould take ſuch a Luſtful young Rogue with her as he was, in the Coach by way of *Mortification*. 6. Had the young Prince been her Son, and ſhe ſuch a Tender Mother of Him, ſhe would (after her Eſcape from the Nunnery) made what haſte ſhe could to St. *Germains*; but, tho' Father *Sabran*'s Letter ſays, ſhe was ſo fond, ſhe could not live from her Son, this Spark makes her otherwiſe, and ſo far from having her Bowels yearn after Him, that ſhe takes to her Heels, and runs as faſt as her Legs could carry her from the Sight of him.

Thus much for his ſix Affidavits, and I have nothing to do, except the taking Notice of one thing, before I make enquiry into his Seven Letters, and two *Iriſh* Certificates; and that is, the Reaſons why Mrs. *Grey* was murder'd. She was put to Death, he ſays, becauſe ſhe ſhould not diſcover her Son to be the Prince of *Wales*, and ſo break the Meaſures of the Court. If this be not *Argumentum ab imbeciſiori*, I am highly miſtaken. For to ſuppoſe a Woman to be a Mother of a Child, fond of it to the laſt degree, deſirous of his Welfare, *&c.* and yet at the ſame time to repine at his Preferment, and diſcover her Son's Birth, tho' given out and receiv'd for a Branch

of

of the Blood Royal, are as inconſiſtent as Falſhood is with Truth, or a Perſon of *Fuller*'s Character, with one who has an Abomination for *Fuller*'s Forgeries.

But I ſpend too much Time upon what does not deſerve my notice, and its altogether proper to keep my word with you, after having given you a promiſe of what I could wiſh I had made no mention of, *i. e.* to Communicate my thoughts of the Letters, whether they are genuine or no. Believe it, Sir, I perform this Task very unwillingly, as being in the Intereſt, of a Government he ſeems to Eſpouſe, and which the D—— of *S*—— has given under Hand, that this Fellow has been ſerviceable to, but as the People of *England* have no reaſon to be apprehenſive of any danger from their Enemies, whilſt they are under the Security of his preſent Majeſty's Protection, and are ſhelter'd by his Sword, and govern'd by his Sceptre, we have no manner of need to make uſe of little Artifices for the defence of a Cauſe which has occaſion for nothing but it's own Glory and Sincerity to ſupport it. Therefore I cannot be thought to ſide againſt my Country, if I declare the Letters which are any thing material, ſeem all written by one hand, tho' I queſtion not he deliver'd thoſe he ſpeaks

of to King *William*, and ſwore heartily before his Majeſty, that they were genuine.

To begin with the Two firſt directed, to the Lords *Montgomery* and *Caſtlemain*. The Contents of 'em are the ſame in ſubſtance, and ſent by the ſame Meſſenger of Integrity, *William Fuller*. And tho' we ſhould be ſo favourable to him as to make no ſcruple at all in relation to the Perſon that Penn'd 'em down, yet we have good reaſon to doubt whether her Majeſty if he wrote 'em, was ſo ſollicitous about the recovery and flight of Mrs. *Grey*, for fear of diſcovering the true Mother of the Gentleman that goes by the Name of the P—— of *Wales*. Other reaſons of State might induce her to make enquiry after her, and it's ſo inconſiſtent with a Lady of any ſparks of Chriſtianity to deſire any one to *Aſſaſſinate* her Fellow Creature, and at the ſame time addreſs her ſelf to *Heav'n* and *Pray for Succeſs* in ſuch a *Helliſh* Affair, That I muſt needs be excus'd, if I ſay, this looks very much like *Fuller*, who firſt *Forges* a Matter, and afterwards abuſes God's Holy name, by *Swearing* 'tis matter of Fact.

Lett. 3. Being taken out of Mr. *Crone's* Pocket Book, and he afterwards convicted of High-Treaſon for the Contents of it and other Matters, I ſhall not call the Juſtice

ſtice of the moſt equitable Court in the World in queſtion, yet, though it ſhews Her late Majeſty held a Correſpondence with the Lord *Montgomery* by means of the Bearer who was under Sentence of Condemnation for it, I am apt to believe our Affairs were not ſo firmly eſtabliſhed at that juncture, but His Majeſty out of his great Wiſdom would have caus'd the Letters which relate to Mrs. *Grey* to be made publick, in order to fix the Minds of ſome People, who at that time of day were bending towards the Belief of the aforeſaid *P*——'s Legitimacy. One thing which I take particular Notice of in this Letter, is, that *Fuller* was truſted with Bills, and did not turn the Money to his own uſe.

Lett. 4. Is written, as he ſays, by Father *Sabran* a Jeſuit; let who will be the Author of it, I dare acquit *Fuller* with a ſafe Conſcience, that he did not write it himſelf. It ſavours too much of Piety to be any thing of his Dictating; and there's too great an Air of Roguery in it not to be of his Contriving. In ſhort, he might bring it to the late Queen of ever bleſſed Memory, for all that I know; but it ſeems a little odd (if it was found in the Dutcheſs of *Tyrconnel*'s Trunk) that a Prince of ſuch a penetrating Judgment

as

as his preſent Majeſty is, ſhould order a Buſineſs of ſuch conſequence to be entruſted in the hands of one who had broke his Truſt before in Betraying his Miſtreſs, and to let it be unpubliſh'd till this time, when no Prince in Chriſtendom diſputes the Juſtice of His Majeſty's Rightful and Lawful Title.

Lett. 5. Has the Dutcheſs of *Powis*'s Name to it, and is pretended to be under her *Hand*, when it looks very much like the Product of our Man of Depoſition's own *Head*: Tho' 'tis not done ſo artfully as became a Man of his Invention; He ſhould have made my Lady Dutcheſs to have ſpoken plainer; and ſince theſe two Ladies held ſuch a free Correſpondence together to have cloath'd his Meaning with leſs ambiguous terms. Tho' I am very ready to conclude, that an Affair of this Nature would ſcarce be truſted to any thing but Cyphers; and that notwithſtanding he pretends it was taken out of the Dutcheſs of *Tyrconnel*'s Trunk, it had ſeen the Light ſooner, had not he put it there.

Lett. 6. Shews the dull Mr. *Fuller*'s Head had been employ'd in Counterfeiting the Ingenious Mr. *Carryl*'s Hand. That unfortunate Gentleman is too well known for his Stile, to addreſs a Lady

of

of Quality in that nature; and tho' ſome People who know how to Forge Bills, *&c.* may give us ſomething not unlike his Hand, they may try long enough before they can reach up to the Perfections of his *Head.*

Lett. 7. Is far from being artfully contriv'd, and may be genuine for all that I know, for there's nothing in it, but the Duke's *Sorrows for his Kinſwomans Misfortunes*, his *Thanks* to the Dutcheſs of *Powis* for *her good Offices*, and his Proteſtations that he *cannot comply with Mrs.* Greys *deſires of obtaining a Rockers Place*, becauſe of *her Diſpoſition.* Several other things might make her Requeſt improper, beſides a *Mothers tenderneſs of Nature*, which he will have it to be, and tho' the General Opinion has ſo ſtartled me, that I lean very much after the Deſires of knowing the Truth of this Gentleman's Original, who is ſo much talk'd of, yet the Character of our Author, his known Diſingenuity, and the Contempt he has met with from Both Houſes of Parliament, confirms me that it cannot be as he aſſerts, tho' I cannot tell but it may be as a great many others think. I wiſh heartily for a Light into the Matter, but it muſt come from another hand, if it expects a Reception.

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As for the two *Iriſh* Squires, who begin their Letter with Mr. *William Fuller*. Sir, their Information has as little Authority over me, as their Wive's Certificate; and I'm a Dog if I can think a Lady of the Dutcheſs of *Tyrconnel*'s Temper could ſo far pocket up the Injuries of the Marriage-Bed, as to Careſs the Women that had rob'd her of her Husband's Love, and not only pocket up a Rival's being with Child, but take a Voyage for *England*, to take care of her ſafe *Delivery*. This is ſuch a piece of Condeſcention, your Termegant Wife nor mine would ever ſubmit to; and tho' *Fuller* has made the *Dutcheſs* give 'em this Preſident, the way to have our houſes pull'd down upon our heads, is for us to follow the *Duke*'s.

I would have t'other fling at this piece of Ridicule, but I am afraid I have ſaid enough to make me loſe my Intereſt with you, and get the Name of a *Jacobite*, than which nothing is more contemptible to

Aſtrop 14*th* *Octob.* 1700. *Sir*

Yours, &c.

S. F.